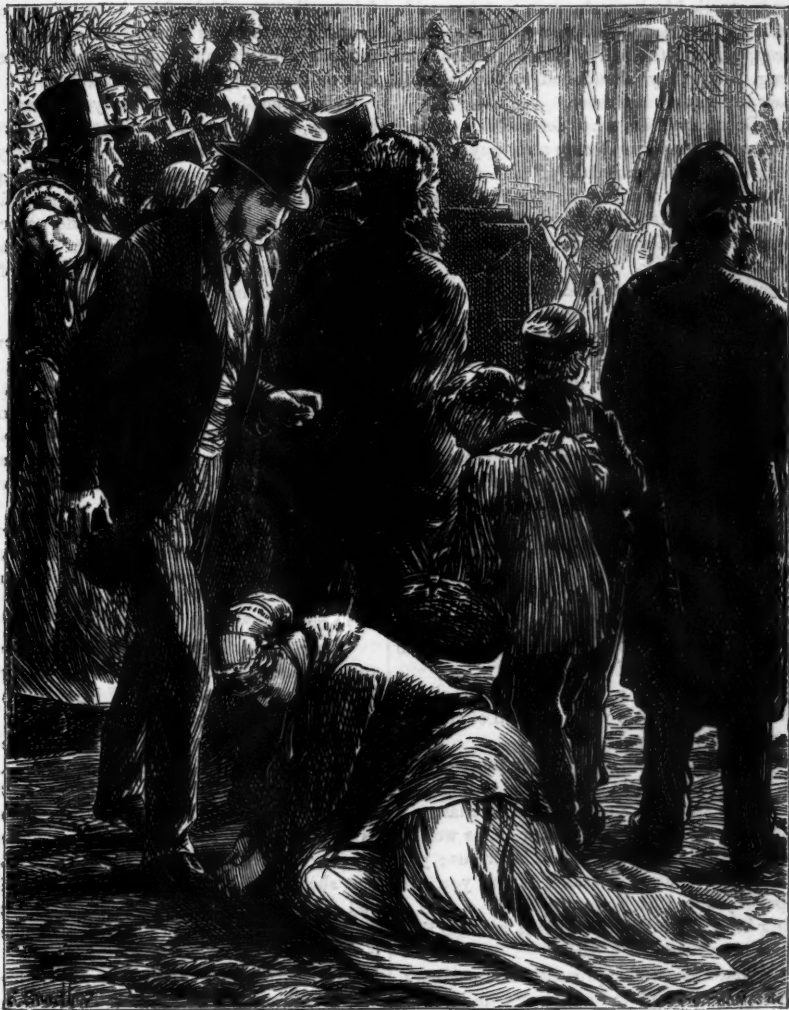


THE QUIVER

— Saturday, May 30, 1868. —



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"And dropped at his feet with a wailing cry."—p. 560.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

PART II.

"YES, aunt, you don't seem to believe me, but it is true. I can bear Edward's tyranny no longer, so I have left him and returned to you, the only friend in the world who really understands me;" and, thoroughly broken down by the day's excitement, Dora—still in her travelling dress, —dropped into the nearest chair, and wept.

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passionate tears behind the screen of her lace veil.

Aunt Charlotte was a little fair woman, with large tender, grey eyes, and bands of soft silver hair, parted smoothly over her forehead. She seemed greatly distressed, and gave her visitor, a grieved, startled look as she rose, putting aside her knitting so hurriedly, that many of the stitches were dropped, and the ball of wool rolled on the hearthrug, hopelessly abandoned to the mercies of a black kitten that lay there.

"Why, Dora, my child, what does all this mean? I thought you and Edward were so happy."

"Yes, so we were until lately," she answered, with a sob between each word; "but now everything is changed. It is all Edward's temper: he gets so exacting, and says such cruel things when he is vexed."

She was sobbing like a child now. Aunt Charlotte quietly removed her bonnet, and passed her soft hand over the aching, swollen eyelids, saying, "In spite of all that you tell me of your domestic troubles, Dora, I am very unwilling to believe that you have really left your husband."

"I could not help it, aunt; his bitter words goaded me on. Does not this show that I am serious?" and drawing off her glove, she showed the finger where her wedding-ring should have been.

The gentle matron started and turned pale.

"What! taken off your ring Dora! how could you do that?"

"Because I wished to show him, that though I am his wife, it does not follow I am to be the slave of his temper, and I will not!"

This was spoken with a momentary flash of the old fire. Aunt Charlotte's voice was full of sorrowful reproach, as she answered:

"Hush, child! this talk grieves me more than I can tell, for I cannot help clinging to the opinion that there are faults on both sides, and that you have sins of temper to be charged with, as well as Edward. There is only one course before us; you have made an unhappy mistake, which you can only repair by going back at once."

"Going back, Aunt Charlotte! is it possible that you refuse me a home with you?"

"Yes, Dora, I do, under present circumstances. If I loved you less, and had not your true interest at heart, I might encourage you to remain, and nurse your sense of injury, until you fancied yourself a victim; but this would be going against my conscience. Setting aside my own affection for you, and acting only as woman to woman, I should not be doing right if I did not show you that your true place is in your husband's home, and your duty to make the best of the lot you have chosen; for a wife cannot throw off her allegiance lightly, as you have done, just because things do not

chance to turn out according to her wishes. Go back, child, and bear in mind that God knows exactly how much we are capable of bearing, and will not permit poor weak humanity to be tried beyond its strength."

It was a painful scene that followed—very painful to the unselfish friend and true womanly counsellor, who was content to have her motives misjudged by the niece whom she loved so dearly. She only said, in her firm, gentle way—

"These are hard things for you to say, and me to hear, Dora; but I shall not remember them against you, because I know you are not yourself, and I can make allowances. Poor rash girl, you do not know your own heart. If anything happened to your husband, you would never forgive yourself for this night's desertion. Go back, my child, and some time you will thank me for what you now call my unkindness and want of sympathy."

It was in vain that Dora tried to move Aunt Charlotte's resolution, changing her own mood of angry opposition for one of gentle persuasion, and pleading hard to be allowed to remain only a few days, until she could decide upon her plans for the future. The good adviser listened patiently, firmly but gently resisting every new argument as it was urged.

"You must go home, Dora, under present circumstances. I would not have you stay one night under any roof but your husband's. I must take you back."

"You, aunt?"

"Yes; I may help to smooth the way for you, and I could not rest satisfied to let you go alone. Don't try to dissuade me: I have made up my mind."

Dora saw that she had, so quietly gave up the contest, and yielded to the stronger will, which, happily for her, had always guided her in the right way. Aunt Charlotte took possession of her niece, as she was wont to do; with her own hands arranging the disordered dress, and sitting by to see that she drank the tempting cup of tea, which she had brought; only leaving her a few minutes, while she went to prepare for her own unexpected journey.

They were soon on their way to London: Dora, half repentant and half mutinous, crushing herself into a corner of the railway carriage, as if she wished to escape observation; Aunt Charlotte's quiet figure interposing itself as a shield between her and all inquisitive eyes, giving her the sense of security and protection which she so much needed on that trying night. That presence seemed in some way to take from her the responsibility of her rash act, and made the return less difficult. The good aunt showed such tender consideration for her feelings, and touched the new

round with such delicate, womanly tact, that poor little Dora was ready to be completely subdued, before the train shrieked its arrival at the Paddington terminus.

It was growing late—an hour when quiet, respectable people, who had nothing to bring them out of doors, were either gone or going to bed, as could be seen by the lights gleaming in upper windows, and the general silence that pervaded the deserted streets, where the rattling of cab-wheels seemed to rouse such unexpected echoes. The elder of the two ladies had desired to be driven rapidly, and the cabman was willing to comply. It was likely to be his last fare, for he was tired, and anxious to get home, so he whipped his jaded horse to its utmost speed.

Aunt Charlotte felt Dora's hand creep into hers and grasp it tightly, as the cab turned into the familiar square, which she had only left a few hours before. At that moment the cabman drew up suddenly, further progress being impossible. Another instant, and the two startled women were looking at each other with blanched faces, and appealing to him for explanation of the strange scene of confusion in which they found themselves. One glance told all. It was the terrible alarm of fire which had gathered the excited crowd which now swayed to and fro before one of the rows of handsome houses in the square—a crowd that steadily increased, receiving fresh additions from every side, until a dense mass of humanity blocked the way, only parting when the impetuous whirl of wheels proclaimed the arrival of another engine. There were the usual sights and sounds that accompany such scenes, the usual features which invest them with such terrible interest for the popular mind. It was a clear, frosty night, with a sharp breeze, that favoured the spreading of the devouring element. It was terribly impressive to watch the dark sea of upturned faces, catching lurid reflections, now and then, from the fierce tongues of flame shooting out from the windows, and greedily licking up everything on which it was possible to feed.

"In which house is the fire? Oh! do tell us!" cried an eager, breathless voice from the cab.

"It be at Mr. Holmes, the barrister," said a bystander, in explanation; adding, "if it weren't for the wind, there'd be a better chance. The next house has caught, and it'll be a miracle if the rest can be kept clear."

The last part of the sentence was lost to those around, being drowned in a wild scream from a woman's voice, that quivered through the air, and rose above all other sounds, shrill and sharp in its agony. At the same moment a white hand wrenched open the door of the cab, and Dora sprang out, white-faced and tearless, with a look of dumb horror in her dilating eyes, and such despair in her young face, that it touched even

the cabman. Behind her, and vainly struggling to keep a hold on her dress, came Aunt Charlotte, scarcely less excited than her niece, but sterner and calmer, with nerves more under control, and better able to act in the distressing emergency.

At that moment there was a swaying, rocking movement of the crowd. The babel of tongues was suddenly hushed, and the stillness of intense expectation seemed to fall upon the crowd. A breathless interval of watching and waiting, during which all eyes were drawn to one centre—an upper window in the burning house; for there the figure of a man had been seen, where none else dared to venture, taking the great risk with a grand, brave daring, and fighting his way on, in spite of the blinding smoke and the background of flame, that showed him so plainly to those below. Dora saw him with the rest, and a gasping cry of agony broke from her lips, "My husband!—oh, my husband!"

She was right; it was he.

These were the facts, as they were canvassed among the crowd. When the alarm of fire was first given, all the household were in bed, except Mr. Holmes, who, it was supposed, had been sitting late over his papers. The fire was believed to have originated through the carelessness of a servant in putting out the kitchen lights. The flames spread with such rapidity that, from the first, there was little hope of saving the house and furniture. The utmost that the firemen could do was to confine their efforts to preserving the adjoining property.

Just at the last moment, when they were expecting the falling-in of the roof, it was discovered that an elderly female servant, reported to have been confined to her bed by illness for the last two days, had been left to perish in the flames, for it seemed impossible that human help could reach the poor creature at that eleventh hour; but while the horror-stricken servants were looking at each other in dismay, the master himself dashed back to the burning house, and went gallantly to the rescue. For some minutes it was feared that two lives would be the sacrifice; but at last he reappeared, bearing his helpless burden. When they saw him struggle on, and finally reach the window, to which the fire-escape had been fixed, the people were too excited even to cheer. Not until he had seen his charge carried down in safety did he attempt to use the escape for himself. A few moments after he reached the ground the roof fell with a loud crash. It was then, when he stood in their midst, with his scorched hands and singed dress, that the cheers of the people broke forth, rising above the crash of falling timber and the hissing of the flames.

That he, a gentleman in the ranks above them, should have risked so much to save the life of a sick servant, was something new to that section

of the unlettered million gathered there. It gave them kindlier thoughts of the classes whom they were accustomed to regard with suspicion and distrust; and did more than any eloquent platform oration would have done to bridge the wide chasm of prejudice, and soften down the social inequalities which were sometimes forced so hardly upon them. It was then that Dora tore herself from Aunt Charlotte's restraining hold, and rushing wildly through the crowd, made her way to where her husband stood, and dropped at his feet with a wailing cry, too low to reach any ear but his.

"Oh, Edward! I am here: do not turn from me!"

He did not, though her desertion had given him such a heart-wound, and he had such cruel evidence against her, in the crumpled note which he had hidden in his breast, in the hurry and agitation of the fire. It contained the discarded wedding-ring. He did not turn from her when she dropped at his feet, for he read her heart without disguise, and the love which he saw there was sufficient in his eyes to cover a multitude of shortcomings. So it was that, regardless of the scene around him, and the peril which he had braved, he took the slight figure in his arms, and guided by Aunt Charlotte, who had followed close after her niece, carried her safely back to the cab.

That night saw their complete reconciliation. Dora wept repentant tears on her husband's breast, and when, at her timid request, he slipped back the ring to its place on her finger, she murmured that it was almost like a new marriage; and bending over her, he said with a return of all his old tenderness—

"Dora, this accident of the fire will place us in rather an awkward position as regards household

accommodation, but a few weeks will repair that; and, after all, I am indebted to it for letting me know that my wife loved me. I began to doubt: for that flight of yours was a cruel revenge to take."

"Hush, Edward! I have been punished for my fault; for until I saw you in peril I did not know my own heart, as Aunt Charlotte said. I did wrong; but in the days to come I trust to be better and wiser for the lesson I have learnt to-night."

"And I also, Dora; for I cannot hold myself blameless. I was too proud and tyrannical; not making enough allowance for the difference of age and temperament; acting the master rather than the husband, and trying to exact by authority the obedience to my wishes which I might have won by gentle persuasion. But can you ignore that ten years' seniority, and take back the burden of your wifely duties, without fear even of the long dull evenings?"

"And learn to find all my enjoyment at home," she added, with an affected pout of her pretty lips.

He smiled, and said, "Now let us turn to Aunt Charlotte, whom we have forgotten too long, and thank her together for this happy reconciliation. It is her work, for if she had not been what she is, a true friend and judicious guide, she would not have sent you back, and our future lives might have been divided and marred, as many have been, for want of a little sensible advice at the right moment. 'Bear and Forbear,' let that be our motto, Dora, whenever we are in danger of forgetting what is due to each other. Then our first quarrel will be our last, and my little wife will not again have occasion to forsake her husband and discard her wedding-ring."

REST.

A YOUNG voice sang in the Christmas choir,
'Neath an old hallowed fane;
Its sweet tones warbled to heaven's high door,
In the words of the solemn hymn. 'Twas o'er,
But none who listened said, "No more
Shall she chant it here again!"

The New Year turned its pure white page,
To be written with death and life;
And stern were thoughts of the sealed-up past,
But hopes for the future were bright and vast;
And the willing and weak went forth too fast
To face the unequal strife.

Softly and low in the silent snow,
Unheard in the chill east wind,
Came the Master's message, that men call Death;

And no more could the faint and struggling breath
Its tuneful utterance find.

The sunshine streamed over tower and tree,
One glorious day in June;
But the lips were still, and the brow was cold,
And the brief, sad tale of life was told;
So they laid her low in the churchyard old,
To rest from the heat of noon.

To rest! Oh, hard-earned rest is sweet,
Though we would not be forgot;
The brave young life was not in vain,
Its patient suffering and silent pain,
And they are at rest, indeed, who gain
The home of the better lot.

We need not grieve, though the place we loved
 Forget that we e'er have been :
 Though the world goes on as it went before,
 And the summer is joyous as of yore,
 And they think of us and our ways no more,
 And our graves are never seen.

We need not grieve, if in heaven's choir
 For us a harp be found.
 Since if for good our work outlast
 Both memory and the life soon past,
 It is a seed, for harvest cast
 Awhile into the ground.

A. BOND.

BYGONES.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.

IT was Earl Russell who once defined a proverb to be "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." Certainly, truth sententially enshrined in some of our proverbial expressions reaches multitudes to whom books are sealed treasures. Every day the young and the unlettered thus receive valuable instruction, in a form both pleasing and portable, whilst the most experienced and learned are reminded of their moral duties and social obligations. The homely maxim—the condensed but plenary truth—finds an entrance into many minds quicker far than argument, and lodges where logic is rebutted. It is "as a nail fastened by the master of assemblies."

But every good thing is liable to abuse, and these familiar sayings are sometimes wrongly employed. The Apostle Peter declared that there were portions of Holy Writ applied by men to purposes for which they were never designed. If the Word of God be thus wrested, who can be surprised at a perverted interpretation of the word of man? There is a proverbial expression, often on the lips of some, which we venture to think will repay for a few moments' examination. Its misuse was forcibly impressed upon us by an overheard conversation between two respectably-dressed men, who were evidently well known to each other. After familiarly alluding to their past lives, to the errors into which they had fallen, and the penalties they had paid, they each strove to quiet conscience and drug memory by remarking, "Let bygones be bygones!" They employed those words in a too general acceptance; but if the expression is intended to be applied in the sense those pseudo gentlemen gave it, then the quicker it is obliterated from the catalogue of popular sayings the better.

Memory and reflection are normal endowments of the soul. God has bestowed these faculties that men may grasp events as they transpire, recall them with vivid distinctness at their pleasure, and make them pass before the introspective glance of the mind. By these powers the human soul is independent of time and space; can look backward on scenes that have long since faded from the natural vision; and can pronounce con-

cerning their merit or demerit. Nothing is absolutely forgotten that has once been stored in the chambers of the brain. Albeit long years may elapse, during which the incidents and experiences of our early life may lie buried; they are not obliterated—not dead. A trifling event, an unusual sight or sound, may touch the secret spring, resuscitate the dormant power, and people the present with the possessions of the past. Cowper found this when, in his fifty-ninth year, he saw the portrait of his departed mother. Subdued and melted by the minute circumstances and tender impressions of his childhood, which trooped before him, he sat down to immortalise that parent in the familiar lines of thrilling beauty. Oh, it is an evidence of God's infinite wisdom and love that we are so constituted. Were bygones bygones, in the sense of total forgetfulness, man's knowledge could not be cumulative; man's intellectual powers could not be progressive; all his convictions and impressions would for ever vanish immediately they yielded their place to others; and Adam's children would never put away childish things. But now, when the mind apprehends one fact, it makes that *one* a stepping-stone to reach forth to many others. Every truth consciously accepted is like an additional stone in the construction of an edifice. It is the accession of a treasure to the mental museum. The man becomes more manly; he is equipped, enriched, energised, and developed for something better. Far be it from us, then, to wish bygones to be erased from the leaves of memory. Contrariwise, be it ours to look often into the register of the past, and reflect on the part we have played, and the manner in which we have played it, that thereby we may learn to be cautious, considerate, and consistent in the future. This the Eternal held forth, not only as a privilege but as a duty, when he said to the Israelites, and through them to us—"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no, . . . that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth

out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Who would wish the *mercies* he has received in the past to be by-gones? Is not the pleasure of life, to a very considerable extent, drawn from the recollection of the sunny, joyous, halcyon hours that have fled? There are scores of human hearts that would be crushed beneath intolerable burdens, but that they are supported by the pleasures of memory. Many a pilgrim, advancing in a dark and trying path, comforts himself by recounting the Ebenezers he has erected. Who does not know that to enumerate the love-tokens bestowed by the Divine hand, is not only an antidote to despair, but an inexhaustible source of refreshment? Richter has truly said: "Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it." One of the greatest mistakes we make is that of omitting to walk abroad in this paradisiacal garden of Heaven's good and perfect gifts. We too seldom visit it; and, when we do, our attention is confined only to one or two parterres; and hence we enjoy fewer of life's healthful and beauteous flowers.

There are some who, cherishing their mercies, wish their *offences* to be by-gones. They have most egregiously erred—lamentably sinned. Memory is crowded with their follies. But those offences will not, *cannot*, become by-gones. The past is not dead, though it sleepeth. The offender may command with centurion-like authority, but the sins refuse to rest in oblivion. The gloomy spectres submit not to his exorcism. Ever and anon they rise with renewed strength, biting like an adder and stinging like a scorpion.

We have heard of a wealthy landlord, who dealt with unwonted cruelty towards a poor widow, who was his tenant. The widow's son, a lad of but eight summers, witnessed the painful scene with untold horror. He never forgot it. Some years afterwards, he became a skilled artist, and then portrayed on the canvas the sad scene of which in youth he was the spectator. By a strange coincidence, the landlord saw the picture. The past relived before him. A deathlike pallor mantled his face. He felt ill; and under the profound influence of remorse, he offered an almost fabulous sum for the painting, in order to conceal it from public gaze. Just so is it with every man. There is a power ever near us taking notes, and, though our guilt may never reappear on the canvas, it is stereotyped, photographed on the mind, and will confront us right through life. Our to-day is inseparably linked to our yesterday. Man's life is one. He is what he is in the present, because of what he was in the past. Hence if a man has greatly fallen, his soul will be to him a chamber of horrors. Much as he may desire, he cannot

shroud or sepulchre the sins of the remotest past. He is constrained to say with Job, "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."

Nor should we wish our by-gone offences to be entirely forgotten by ourselves, even though we may have sought and found Divine forgiveness. Truly God pardons without limitations or conditions. Freely, bountifully, right royally, the Holy One forgives. Ay, he judicially forgets, and so emblematically asserts that he has cast our sins behind his back, and into the depths of the sea, that they may be remembered against us no more for ever. But if infinite mercy absolves us, we should not exonerate ourselves. We should remember our errors, that we may not only foster true humility, but strengthen our daily vigilance and reliance on Jesus.

In what sense, then, are by-gones to be by-gones? We answer: In the sense of exercising Christian charity; in the sense of forgiving the faults and cherishing reticence concerning the imperfections and failures of our fellow-men. Nothing more clearly displays the littleness of the natural man, or the weakness of the spiritual life in the professed Christian, than the constant allusion to the faults of others who are regarded as enemies. Nor does anything show greater nobility of character, and truer assimilation to the holy God-Man, than the forgiveness of, and sympathy with, wrong-doers. There are persons who take supreme delight in recounting to others the mistakes and sins of their acquaintances. Conversation to them is synonymous with detraction and defamation. They carry with them, into all circles, the recollection of a real or fancied wrong. They strive to convince themselves that vengeance is theirs, and that it is their prerogative to recompense. Others there are who boastingly affirm that they forgive, but cannot forget; and, under that cover, are ever exhuming grievances that should be entombed. Unhappy men! They disturb their own hearts, and, whether they think it or not, place themselves in a light in which no right-minded companion can admire them. A well-known member of Parliament once quoted, in the House of Commons, some puerile lines of poetry composed in youth by another member, against whose political views he was then speaking. In reply, the author retorted, "I would rather have been the man who in his youth wrote those silly verses, than the man who in his mature years would rake them up." So have we often thought, when we have heard men resuscitating and narrating the private inconsistencies and errors of others, that we would prefer to be the man who erred, and whose faults are sepulchred in the past, than he who, undertaking the grave-digger's work, finds pleasure in disinterring the unpleasant dead. Oh, it is a

beautiful and God-like thing to pass by private offences with silent compassion for the offender. We do not counsel the reader to look with complacency on sins in any person. "The best man hates them most; the worst man cannot love them; but are these *the man*? Does a woman bear that form in virtue of these? Lies there not within the man and the woman a divine element of brotherhood, of sisterhood—a something lovely and lovable?" Let that divine element be recognised by us. Let us love the brother and the sister, but so hate that which is imperfect and unlovely about them as to hasten to forget it.

Making bygones bygones thus would neither endanger nor lessen public security. We make a distinction between private and public wrongs. A Christian man, however influenced by charity, is still a citizen of the earth, and has social rights which Christianity does not ask him to forego, but rather to defend. To be Christ-like is not to be a coward. Public sins should be followed by chastisement. The law and its penalty, which are a terror to evil-doers, must be upheld. But when justice has had its demands, and especially when the correction has proved reformatory, it is the part, not only of Christian charity, but of common fairness, to say, "Let bygones be bygones." Do not check the man's eager efforts to gain an honest livelihood—to offer society some degree of reparation for the past—and to reinstate himself and those dear to him in the esteem of men, from which, in the hour of temptation, he fell. You may not, you cannot, absolutely forget how he wronged you and society, but you can now forgive, and you need not unnecessarily remind him or

others of his former guilt. Remember how the Divine Father deals with you, and think of the heart-probing petition put into your lips by Jesus, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." Go and taste the luxury of saying, with Shakespeare—

"Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you; live,
And deal with others better."

How can we expect to receive forgiveness of God while we exclude a brother from our mercy? If a voice from the Holy Presence were to pronounce us forgiven, whilst we are unforgiving, the declaration would not reach us; or, if it did, would operate as a curse. The assurance of Divine favour, coming when hatred possessed our breasts, would naturally be interpreted as an indication of God's approval, or non-observance of our ill-will. We should continue to foster the murderous feelings, under the impression that they did not affect our Godward relationships. A hell-born disease would permeate the very core, and destroy the beauty of our life, albeit we deemed ourselves healthful and prosperous. It is a solemn fact that the door which shuts out a brother from our forgiveness, shuts out Heaven's pardon from our hearts. When that door is open to let our compassion forth on her Christ-like errand, it is open also to admit Christ's pardoning grace to our spirits. It is from a heart pulsating with kindness that our Father sends the message, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER discoveries may result from the exploration of Palestine, few, if any, can compare with those which the explorers may reasonably expect to await their researches beneath the present surface of the ground, within the walls of the existing Jerusalem, and in its immediate neighbourhood. There are, indeed, no spots on earth that, in deep and manifold interest, can compete with the sites of the Temple and of the Sepulchre of Christ. These are the two points of pre-eminent interest in the Holy City, around which a multitude of less important (but still very far from unimportant) questions range themselves. It was both right in itself and also strictly consistent that, almost at the outset of their proceedings, the Exploration Society should direct their attention

to Jerusalem itself, and should enter at once with the most determined earnestness upon the work of exploration there.

Accordingly, when he had established himself in Jerusalem, towards the end of August, in the year 1867, Lieutenant Warren speedily arranged his plan of operations, and then forthwith began the work which he has carried on with but little intermission, and certainly with never-failing zeal and discretion, up to the present time.

It must be understood, however, that the works of exploration that have been projected and carried into effect, in and near the Holy City, by Lieutenant Warren, since the August of last year, were in continuation of his researches in the same localities from February to July, also in 1867.

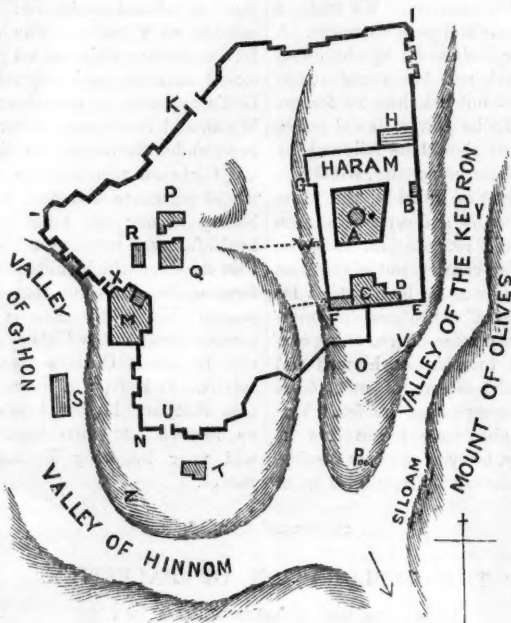
Lieutenant Warren has had under his orders two non-commissioned officers, like himself, of the

Royal Engineers, both of them exactly the right men to be associated with such a commander, and to discharge in the most satisfactory manner the duties entrusted to them. Of Sergeants Birtles and Phillips—the latter the accomplished photographer who had been with Captain Wilson—I shall have occasion hereafter frequently to speak.

Before I commence any description of Lieutenant Warren's explorations in Jerusalem, it will be desirable for me, very concisely, to give a descriptive sketch of the Holy City, of its situation, and form, and general arrangement, as it now stands on that same grand plateau of uplifted rock which David was the first to conquer, and where Solomon first built and dedicated a Temple to the Most High. Some such slight description will be necessary in order to enable the reader, without having to refer to other writings, to form a correct conception of the scene of Lieutenant Warren's explorations.

If not actually, Jerusalem is virtually placed in the centre of Palestine: distant from the Mediterranean 32 miles; 18 miles from the Jordan; from Hebron to the south, 20 miles; and from Samaria to the north, 36 miles. Jerusalem has been built on the southern edge of one of the highest table-lands of Palestine. Its site is a kind of promontory, sharply cut off and enclosed towards the east, the south, and the west by the valleys or ravines of the Kedron, of Hinnom, and of Gibon; and these three deep and precipitous valleys having united towards the south-east of the city (as is shown in the Plan) from their point of union, fall suddenly and rapidly until, as a single ravine, they reach the Dead Sea. Thus the promontory of Jerusalem is left boldly intrenched by Nature—such a site as could not elsewhere be found for a city of which the annals should be without a parallel in human history. The existing city walls, which were constructed as they now appear by the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I., A.D. 1542, to the east and west rise directly from the crests of the valleys; while towards the south the walls are

seen to recede somewhat from the verge of the elevated ground. To the north, the boundary-line of the city has been marked out by no natural intrenchments of deep and precipitous valleys, so that in this one direction Jerusalem, as events in the course of its history might require, could either extend or contract its limits. The Plan shows the form and position of the existing city, with the disposition of its walls. In this Plan the letters I, L, N, and E severally indicate the north-eastern, the north-western, the south-western, and the south-eastern angles of the city walls; at K is the Damascus Gate, x is the Jaffa Gate, v the Zion Gate, and near the letter u is St. Stephen's Gate.



In round numbers, the extent of the walls may be stated as follows:—On the east, from E to I, 2,800 feet; on the north, from I to L, 3,800 feet; on the west, from L to N, 2,350 feet; and on the south, from N to E, 3,350 feet. The highest elevation of the rock-plateau of Jerusalem, near the N.W. angle (L in the Plan), is 2,581 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. From this point there is a gentle slope southwards, so that at the S.W. angle (N) the elevation is 2,538 feet. From this line of the western wall the city, between the angles L and N, the

surface of the plateau inclines somewhat sharply towards the east; and, accordingly, at I, the N.E. angle, the elevation above the Mediterranean is 2,457 feet; and at the S.E. angle (E in the Plan), the level within the walls is 2,416 feet, and that without the walls is 2,365 feet above the sea. Thus, to a spectator looking at Jerusalem from without the walls, the city is seen to slope from west to east; and this slope appears more sharp and decided when the city is seen from the south. Beyond the Kedron valley, and very close to the eastern wall, E, I, the ridge of Olivet interposes between Jerusalem and the wilderness of the Dead Sea. At its highest point, which is the true "Mount of Olivet," this ridge rises to the elevation of 2,724 feet above the Mediterranean; and thus Olivet commands Jerusalem from the east,



(Engraved by G. J. PINWELL.)

"The living mother bending o'er the cot
Wherein her babe lay dead!"—p. 537.

while, from its close proximity, it also appears, when seen from the west, and particularly from the north-west, to rise boldly from out of the city itself. At the foot of the mount, on its western side, and below its highest elevation, at the spot marked *r* in the Plan, is the memorable "Garden of Gethsemane," of which there are good reasons for supposing that the traditional site may be accepted as authentic.

In addition to the three encircling valleys that enclose the promontory of Jerusalem within a great natural intrenchment, the promontory itself is cleft by another ravine-like valley running from south to north, which divides the city into two sections of unequal sizes. This valley, known as the "Tyropœon" (that is, "the valley of the cheese makers and sellers"), is shown in the Plan, issuing from the valley of Hinnom, and dying away within the walls in the direction of the Damascus Gate. In ancient times, a subordinate valley appears to have stretched westwards from the Tyropœon, about the middle of the city, as is slightly indicated in the Plan; and another branch also once extended in the other direction, eastwards, which probably joined the Kedron valley somewhere about *n* in the Plan. The whole of the Tyropœon valley within the walls, with its two branches, have gradually been so far filled up with ruins and accumulated earth, as to have lost all visible traces of their original character.

It will be understood that the larger, higher, and more massive portion of Jerusalem, standing to the west of the Tyropœon valley, is the "Upper City" of the Jews—the "Zion" of modern tradition; and that the smaller eastern portion, on its less elevated rock, is the "Akra," or "Lower City," of Josephus, which also has been distinguished as "Moriah," as the western city has been entitled "Zion." This eastern division of Jerusalem, as the Plan represents, contains the HARAM, or sacred enclosure, within which, without any hesitation, it may be affirmed that the Temple once stood. Within this HARAM, upon a slightly elevated platform, stands the remarkable edifice (hereafter to be fully described) long called the "Mosque of Omar," but now more correctly known as the "Dome of the Rock;" its site is marked in the Plan by the letter *a*. *b* is the site of the "Golden Gate;" *c*, that of the mosque "Al Aksa;" *d*, the site of the true "Mosque of Omar;" *e* is the residence of the Pacha of Jerusalem; *n* is the spot which now bears the name of the "Pool of Bethesda;" *m* is the Citadel; *r* is the site of the pile of buildings that has been so long known as the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre;" *q* is the "Muristan"—the site where once stood the buildings of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. *n* is the pool or reservoir "Mamilla." *s*, in the valley, is the "Lower Pool of Gihon." *t* denotes

the position of an edifice which, by a strange combination of traditions, both of them alike without any vestige of authority, bears the titles of the "Tomb of David and of the "Cœnaculum," or supper-chamber in which our Lord celebrated his last Passover with his apostles. *z*, a little more to the south-west, is the situation of the English schools, with the English cemetery near to them. To the south of the south wall of the HARAM, *o* shows the hill "Ophel;" and here, a little below *z*, the south-east angle of the HARAM walls, at *v*, is the "Virgin's Fount;" and, once more, still lower in the valley, on the slopes of Ophel, nearly opposite to the present village of Siloam, but facing towards the entrance of the Tyropœon, is the "Pool of Siloam," which, as I shall show, is connected by a remarkable passage cut in the solid rock with the Virgin's Fount.

Such is a very slight and concise sketch of some of the more important features in the topography of the modern Jerusalem, which, should it appear to be necessary or desirable, may be described more in detail hereafter; as other sites, now not noticed at all, may be brought forward, and careful descriptions of them may be given. Here I shall only add, that on the slopes and ravines that encompass the city, there prevails a dull, leaden, ashy hue of colour, that is chiefly due to the enormous heaps of broken-up ruins, mixed with the débris of stone and mortar, which, to a considerable depth, lie loose, like vast mounds of shingle. These strange and weird-looking accessories of the never-to-be-forgotten scene that opens before the eyes of pilgrims as they draw near to Jerusalem, are especially remarkable for their magnitude and extent on the southern and eastern sides of the city. Very impressive is the silent testimony that they bear to the stormy history of this wonderful city, which records, during the fifteen centuries that followed the first appearance of the armies of Israel before its walls, no less than seventeen sieges, all of them accompanied with a greater or a lesser amount of devastation and ruin.

It will be sufficient for me now to give a short summary of the principal explorations that were made by Lieutenant Warren at Jerusalem, from February to July, 1867, as introductory to the more important operations that have been carried on by him in September and the following months—works that are still in progress, and with which fresh researches are continually associated.

An excavation made near the Damascus Gate (*x* in the Plan) led to the discovery, beneath an immense accumulation of rubbish, of a massive wall of ancient date, and running east and west, with a flight of steps leading down to a great tank or artificial pool. Amongst the rubbish, at the foot of the remains of this wall, a stone was found, having carved on it a Templar's cross. This stone

had once formed a part of the wall, and Lieutenant Warren considers the wall itself to have been built with materials that had been prepared and used at a much earlier period by the Crusaders, and to have also been destroyed by them when they were compelled finally to withdraw from the Holy City.

Near the Church of England cemetery (z in the Plan) an excavation was made in continuation of the laying bare of some steps cut in the solid rock, that were discovered when the cemetery was levelled. The rock here appears to have formed a part of the ancient city-wall in this quarter. These steps have sometimes been considered to be those that are mentioned by Nehemiah; but there are other ancient rock-hewn steps at Siloam, which appear to correspond more closely with the Biblical narrative. At this point the excavation reached the depth of 18 feet; and on arriving at the thirty-sixth step a landing-place was found, which was partially cleared to the extent of 17 feet, and was considered by Lieutenant Warren to be the foot, or base, of the rock-scarp. The rock thus must have presented to an enemy here a perpendicular face 29 feet in height.

At Ophel (o in the Plan) two shafts were sunk to find the depth of the soil and to determine its nature. At the depth of 25 feet, large cut stones

were found, and also the solid rock; and here, cut in the solid rock, was discovered the entrance to a water-course, 1 foot 9 inches high, and 5 feet broad, having a gentle slope in a south-easterly direction. After 21 feet, this channel became too small to work in. It was found to be filled with a red earth, that apparently was virgin soil.

Three separate attempts were made to find the rock at an intermediate point between the south-east angle (x in the Plan) of the walls and the present channel of the Kedron in the midst of the Kedron valley; but, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the explorers, it was found at that time to be impossible to reach the rock. The superincumbent mound of shingle, composed of stone-chippings without a particle of earth, lying so loosely as to be in character almost a fluid, when the shafts had been sunk about 15 feet in it ran like water, and swept away the excavations. A fresh effort was made, however, more towards the east, with better success; but this very interesting exploration, which gave a good promise of leading to the discovery of the true ancient bed of the Kedron, at a considerable depth below the heaped-up accumulations that now cover the rock, was suspended for a while until fresh supplies of timber framing to line the shaft and the gallery excavated from it could be obtained from England.

THE BURDEN OF THE BELLS.

OH, sight of woe, never to be forgot!
The living mother bending o'er the cot
Wherein her babe lay dead!
Blank face, up-clasped hands, escaping hair—
The first dread consciousness that death was there
In the beloved one's stead!

'Twere nothing that that child was cold and stiff—
Nothing to him who stood and watched them, if
No more had been divined:
He had contrived to breast the fatal blow—
Crushed down a father's heart, did he not know
There was worse, worse behind!

Up from those sightless domes of glassy blue—
Up from the spectral pallor of that hue
Gleamed a prophetic glare;
Curling its phosphor-flames about the cheek,
The lips, the brow, the fingers of that weak
And wasted woman there!

The dead beneath—the doomed to die, above—
One sudden monument of loss and love
Outmitten at a blow:

And he whose life was theirs, beholding this,
Conscious that hour that what in both was his
Must never more be so!

Conscious that instant, when the next dead lay
To make a marble of the living clay,

Who should her place supply:
What cheek that hue of hopelessness should wear—
What face exchange dejection for despair—
Who should pray God to die!

Now, 'mid the rush of life, intrudes the thought
Of that far scene, like bells the winds have brought
Into a roaring street:—

I stop—and hearken—and am hustled down
By the impetuous millions of the town
Following upon my feet.

There! Let me up! before I'm trampled on—
Smile, ere the many shout against the one—
Then speed as others do:
Such muffled memories only craze the brain—
Distracting memories of bliss and pain
Not to be listened to!

D. P. STARKEY.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. BROOKLYN'S FIRST ENTERTAINMENT.



RS. BROOKLYN, of Brooklyn Hall came, by the father's side, of a line of patrician ancestors. She was a Miss Pierpoint; and the Pierpoints, of Hill Tower, held their own, amid the notabilities of the whole county. Not so as regarded her mother, from whom she inherited her voluminous person and her florid style of beauty. Her mother was nothing more nor less than an innkeeper's daughter, whose tact and good looks had assisted her to the elevation she had been resolved to reach. She did not long enjoy the fruits of success. Soon after the birth of her daughter she died, and it is worthy of remark, that her husband, though in the prime of life, never sought for a second partner.

The little Alicia Pierpoint was indeed born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She had a large fortune on the Pierpoint side, for her father barely lived to see her come of age. In a moment of pique—so the story went—she chose Squire Brooklyn as the happy individual on whom to bestow the honour of her hand. He was not young, nor particularly good-looking, nor in the least amiable; and he was a commoner by birth and by association. No one exactly knew how his immense wealth had been got together—and at the period we mention no one particularly cared. He was not a popular man, nor did he keep open house, after the fashion of a country gentleman. He was parsimonious, suspicious, and irritable; but, such as he was, Alicia Pierpoint, one fine summer's morning, married him.

She had not led a very happy life, as might have been expected. During the sixteen years that preceded her widowhood, she had been kept almost like a prisoner within the walls of Brooklyn; and though she was boastful and voluminous as ever, when society got a glimpse of her, those glimpses were few and far between. But some twelve months ago the master of Brooklyn had been gathered to his fathers, and then the fair Alicia, still in the zenith of her charms, was free.

She was now immensely rich indeed. The two fortunes, Pierpoint and Brooklyn, had increased vastly during the sixteen years of seclusion, and she was the undisputed mistress of the whole. She was, therefore, fully prepared to make a great sensation in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Brooklyn was about to give her first entertainment. Carriages without number, and of every kind and description, were making their way towards the hall. Among them, and certainly not the last, or the least, as far as pretension went, was the equipage of the Sylvesters.

As it rolled along, with its flaming lamps, its sleek, well-fed horses, and the appendages of footmen in

livery, few would guess at the exact position of its occupants.

Its occupants were Raymond and his sister Alice. Alice sat erect, as her mother might have done. There was a look of self-repression, almost of sternness, in her face. Her dress was simple as possible, scarce an ornament had been permitted.

Raymond, on the other hand, was in full costume, and got up to the highest point of perfection. His face was self-possessed and calm; but some undercurrent of excitement was stirring within him. Now and then a glow would come on his cheek, and his eye would brighten. Then, again, the glow would fade, and an expression of blank dreariness take its place.

What a sham and mockery would that gorgeous feast yonder be, to these preoccupied, harassed minds!

Once Raymond laid his hand on that of his sister. "You must brighten up, Alice, and be more like yourself," he whispered.

She looked kindly at him, and pressed his hand. But she said nothing.

When the hall was seen afar off, with its splendid array of lights, Raymond drew her attention to it.

"It is a fine thing to be rich!" he said, playfully.

"Better to be honest!" she replied.

They were the only words she had spoken.

Mrs. Brooklyn was in great glory, receiving her guests. The grand staircase was thronged with ladies, in splendid attire, and gold, and gems. Alice, leaning on her brother's arm, followed in silence. The glitter and the pomp must have jarred painfully on her feelings, for once a tear came to her eye. But the look of anxiety and distress with which Raymond regarded her, seemed to recall her to herself. She hurriedly dashed away the tear, and smiled at him.

"I am quite brave, dear!" she whispered.

The first object that met their view, as they were ushered into the drawing-room, was Mrs. Brooklyn herself. More florid and voluminous than ever, with a train, yards long, and as many jewels as her portly person could well carry, she stood giving smiles and sugared words to all around her.

Her eye singled out Raymond, in a moment. She had not felt quite sure about his coming. Now he was come, she did not move from where she stood, surrounded by her courtiers.

Raymond advanced, and gave one keen glance at the group before him. Then he bowed, with all the grace and courtesy of which he was capable. Alice, having made her devoirs, and done what was strictly correct, contrived to slip away.

Raymond did not exhibit the slightest intention of slipping away. Indeed, the very gist and purpose of the evening lay within those few square yards of velvet pile, on which the once-named Alicia Pierpoint was standing.

Raymond was young and handsome. His smile was attractive; his manners could be fascinating. In a very short space of time, not a courtier present but instinctively felt that a rival, by no means to be despised, had made his way into the field.

"Do you know, Mr. Sylvester, it was so good of you both to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooklyn. "As for that dear girl Alice, I positively doat upon her!"

Raymond's well-formed lip could scarce forbear a slight curve.

"It is a pity she is so retiring," continued Mrs. Brooklyn, interrupting her discourse, every moment, with nods, and becks, and smiles to those around her, "but I shall soon cure her of that. I am resolved to cultivate your sister, Mr. Sylvester."

"You are very kind," said Raymond, the slight curve visible again.

"She must come and see me, as soon as I have a niche to put her in. My house is positively crammed. There is that dear Sir Hugh and his suite. By the way, you do not know him, do you?"

"Sir Hugh Macbriar? only by name," replied Raymond.

"Ah! you have a treat in store for you. He is such a darling! He is lying down, you know, after the hunt. He is so delicate. Such a mind—in such a feeble body! But I am expecting, every moment, he will make his appearance, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to each other."

"Thank you," replied Raymond, without much enthusiasm.

"Sir Hugh is my especial favourite, though I dote on the marquis! The marquis would give his life for me any day, I know. Sir Hugh would give ten lives, if he had them. See, there are Lord and Lady Dartwater, isn't she beautiful! She is one of your cold folks. I see she and your sister have got together. For my part, I never could be cold! I am one of the impressionable ones," said Mrs. Brooklyn, with a gentle sigh.

"I had scarce dared to hope that," whispered Raymond, softly.

Mrs. Brooklyn cast down her eyes a moment. Raymond had led her into a less crowded part of the room, and if he wanted opportunity of paying court to the florid widow, he had it. Was he not singled out from amid all the rest to be her cavalier?

It is difficult to know what he intended to do; for at this juncture, all his self-command could scarce keep on the mask. He looked pale, haggard, and weary, even at the pinnacle of his good fortune. Perhaps, like Hamlet, he saw a spectre at the feast. Perhaps, a well-known face and two mournful eyes were visible to him alone, and woke up the memories he wished should sleep. At any rate, a golden opportunity glided by, and was lost for ever.

When the opportunity had passed, the vision had passed also; Raymond was cool, collected, and himself again. The widow had noticed his preoccupation, and

she had her revenge. At that precise moment up came Sir Hugh Macbriar.

If Fortune is fickle, she must needs be a woman. All at once, a change came over the widow's tactics; she withdrew her hand from Raymond's arm.

"My dear Sir Hugh, and are you better? and have you rested? and will you let me introduce you to Mr. Sylvester?"

Sir Hugh looked at Raymond, and Raymond looked at him. Sir Hugh was not young, and Raymond was. Sir Hugh was tall and thin, and with iron-grey hair, and rather a cynical mouth. Raymond was tall likewise, and his hair was black and glossy. In respect of good looks, Raymond had it, twenty to one. Sir Hugh had a fair, broad estate, without a single rent or flaw in its wholeness and beauty. Raymond's estate was dropping to pieces. Sir Hugh stood on a good firm pedestal of public respect and opinion; Raymond was trying to hold on to the very brink of a precipice.

And, moreover, now Sir Hugh was come, the widow politely set Raymond aside. She took Sir Hugh's arm with the utmost affability. He should lead her forward now; she had a hundred things to say to him, and she had been monopolising Mr. Sylvester most shamefully.

"The young ladies will never forgive me," said she, smiling coquettishly at Raymond; "so go, if you please, and leave us old folks to amuse ourselves."

Raymond stood speechless, just where Mrs. Brooklyn had stopped him. The splendid shawl she wore had fallen off, and Sir Hugh picked it up. He was very slow and deliberate in his movements. He picked it up, and placed it on her shoulders, and then the pair went slowly away, Sir Hugh silent and imperturbable, the widow chattering with all her might. For some time, Raymond could see glimpses of the radiant shawl and of the iron-grey hair; but gradually the crowd opened and swallowed them up, and he was left alone.

With a quick contraction of the brow, and a compression of the mouth, he looked round for Alice. Very soon he found her, standing by a vase of flowers, her face pale and weary.

"Alice, what are you doing here?" said he, sharply.

"Nothing, Raymond, but what I have been doing ever since we came: wishing myself away."

"Are you tired, dear?"

His voice was kind, now, and tender.

"Yes, Raymond."

"Do you want to go home?"

"Oh, yes; I should be so glad!" and her face lighted up.

"Come, then."

She took his arm, and they threaded the brilliant assembly in silence. Very soon the stately carriage of the Sylvesters received its occupants.

"Raymond, I am for ever obliged to you!" said Alice, taking his hand caressingly.

He let her take it, but he did not return the pressure, neither did he utter a word.

CHAPTER XX. COMING HOME.

"Our home, Rachel; yours and mine, my dear!" said John Humphreys, pointing with his whip towards the red-brick house in the fields.

He and Rachel were jogging along in a gig, from a neighbouring town, where they had spent one week's honeymoon: for Rachel was married, and had taken John Humphreys—as, indeed, he had taken her—for better, for worse.

"And as to my mother, you must just make up your mind not to take any notice. She will soon come round, and love you as if you were her own child."

"Oh, yes!" replied Rachel, cheerfully. But she had her misgivings on that matter, nevertheless.

"I can't imagine any people happier than we shall be," continued John, as they kept jogging along. "You will be the most capital little wife that ever lived; and I'm sure I shall make a very good husband. And it's such a farm! If I had but—Well, never mind," added John, as if thrusting from him an unwelcome thought; "that will all come right, or I'll know the reason why!"

"What are you talking about, John?"

"Nothing that need trouble you, little wife. I'll manage my own affairs. Take the reins, dear; here is the first gate."

Out John jumped, and there was no opportunity for much further conversation. The fields were so full of ruts, at that time of the year, that it required some skill to keep the gig from being capsized. At length the red house was reached, and the gig stopped at a little garden-gate.

"We'll have a carriage-drive some of these days, my dear," said John, as he lifted Rachel out. "Now, just go in at that door, and I'll take the gig round to the stable."

Rachel lingered. To say the truth, she felt a little nervous at entering her new home for the first time.

John saw her hesitation, and laughed good-humouredly.

"What! is the little wife afraid? Come, then, I'll go with you. Jim!" shouted he, putting his hand to his mouth, and letting his voice go forth into the darkness, with the power and volume of Stentor; "Jim! here, my lad, quick!"

A form of some kind came shambling round the corner of the house. Rachel could not see very distinctly, but she supposed it was Jim.

"Take the horse, and lead him round, Jim. This is your new mistress," added John, complacently.

The form made an inarticulate sound, and took off its cap. Rachel saw no more, for John hurried her into the house.

"It's sharp and cold, standing there," said he, rubbing his hands. "I hope they've got us a fire."

For the first moment or two, Rachel's eyes were dazzled, coming as she did out of the darkness.

John had taken her into a good-sized room, comfortably though plainly furnished. There was a

capital fire, and a lamp burning on the table, and everything in apple-pie order. Rachel was delighted. "Oh, John! what a beautiful room!" cried she, gleefully.

"It's not the best though. Come here; I'll show you the parlour. There, what do you think of that?" and, hurrying her along the passage, he opened a door. "Just look in there, Rachel."

Rachel looked in, and in spite of its being a real parlour, carpeted all over, and with a round table in the middle, and something that actually looked like a piano, she shivered. The room had flowers in the grate, and was deadly cold, and evidently intended more for show than use. Rachel did not like it half so well as the other; but this she kept to herself.

"It is very grand, John; too good by half for me," said she.

"No, it isn't; nothing is too good for the little wife. Now, I will show you the kitchen," said John, still hurrying, and in a state of excitement.

It was quite a model kitchen, with its quarried floor, and tables white as a curd, and bright covers, in which the fire-light danced and flickered, as they hung on the wall opposite. A little maid-servant, with white apron, and cap with white ribbons in honour of the bride, was preparing the tea. She smiled and curtsied as John again proclaimed aloud—

"Here's your new mistress, my girl."

Rachel had never had a servant of her own before, and it sounded rather like an elevation.

The girl, in obedience to an order from her master, showed Rachel up-stairs to her room; all Rachel's possessions were contained in the moderately sized trunk which was being carried up-stairs after her.

Her spirits felt rather in a flutter, her hand shook a little with pleasurable excitement as she took off her shawl and bonnet. When these and her thick veil had been removed, there came into clearer view the compact figure and pleasant face that had captivated John these years past, as he was wont to say, exultingly. Very nice she looked, in her grey merino, and the bright neck ribbon—gayer than she was wont to wear, but a present from John; her smooth hair braided, and her clear honest eyes shining with happiness.

Whatever his mother might say, John had done no discredit to his taste, when he asked Rachel to be his wife.

Still rather in a flutter, she went down-stairs into the cheerful room below; the tea things were on the table, and John was hovering about in a state of ecstatic delight.

When tea was over and gone, came the best: for then husband and wife prepared to spend the first of the many happy evenings which seemed to lie hopefully before them; and the fire was mended, and the lamp trimmed, and Rachel brought out her work-box, and John (at some future time) intended to read to her whilst she worked; but he was not prepared for this yet. It was too blissful to sit and watch her nimble fingers, as they sped along, at the mysteries

of sewing and of hemming; too blissful to talk to her, to feel that she had taken up her abode, for good, at his table, and under his roof; to have her loving eyes resting upon him, and the little hand put out every now and then, to give his a kindly pressure. "And all this to last," thought John, "Providence permitting it—to last!"

He had scarce thought it, scarce relinquished the dear hand, impatient to return to its cunning, when a sharp ring at the door-bell recalled him, unpleasantly, to the knowledge that the outer world, with its interruptions and its requirements, lay around his bower of bliss.

A loud, heavy step came into the passage, and a voice inquired if Mr. Humphreys were at home.

The next scene in the drama was the entrance of the little maid, to say that her master was wanted.

No intelligence could be more odious to John than this. All the more so, because he recog-

nised the voice in the passage as that of Mr. Isaacs.

Rachel looked up at her husband's face.

"Are you obliged to go, John?" said she, anxiously.

"I suppose I must, Rachel."

"Is anything the matter, dear?"

"No, my little wife—only that I must run away."

"Run away, John?"

"Into the parlour, my dear, no farther," replied John, with a clumsy attempt to laugh.

"You will be so cold, John. Could not the—the person come in here?"

"No!" and John started to his feet in a moment; "that he could not, Rachel. Just get your hemming done, my dear. I shall be back in a quarter of an hour."

Rachel looked up and smiled. But her smile, for once, was thrown away. John did not see it. He was striding into the parlour, to know what Mr. Isaacs wanted.

(To be continued.)

TEMPTATION.



WHAT a funny text teacher has given us to think of this week, 'Lead us not into temptation.' She said it was a prayer; but one would think it was all our own fault if we did wrong, or was tempted to do wrong."

"No, Annie; she said we often placed ourselves in the way of temptation," said another little girl.

"Oh, let's talk about the treat," said another, who came up at this moment; "I'm so glad it is to be this week, for mother's just made me a new pink frock, and I shall wear that."

"Ah, yes, we all know what your temptation is, Maria," said Annie. "I don't believe you could pass a hatter's shop without stopping to wish for some of the things in the window."

"And don't you sometimes wish for things you can't get?" asked Maria, angrily, and she tossed her head and walked on.

The Sunday-school treat was to be held in the grounds of a gentleman about two miles off. Other visitors were expected to be there for the occasion, and Maria Wills was determined to exhibit all the finery she could muster on that day. Several visits were paid to the window of a milliner's shop in the course of Monday, for Maria had resolved to alter the trimmings on her bonnet. It had suited her very well until she saw one in this window, and she came to look at and admire it so often that at last she determined to have one like it, or at least have trimmings like it on her own.

But there was some difficulty in the way of doing this, for her mother refused to give her any money for the purpose; but this refusal only seemed to increase Maria's desire, and she went the more frequently to look at the coveted bonnet.

At length a thought was suggested to her mind as she stood admiring the ribbon and lace. She held a half-crown in her hand, with which she was to pay a

small bill for her mother. Suppose she tore up the bill, and told her mother she had paid it, but lost the receipt coming back?

Maria was so delighted to think that she might get the ribbon after all, that, without pausing to consider, she tore up the bill, and scattered the pieces in the street. She then had to think of another plan, so as to account for her possession of the ribbon. This was not so easy; but after thinking a long time, she resolved to tell her mother that a lady had bought it for her, and she was soon on her way home with the coveted articles in her hand. But somehow Maria did not feel half the pleasure she had expected in gazing at her new bonnet when it was finished, nay, she was rather glad when it was out of sight, and she could forget all about what had happened, for she could not bear to meet her mother's eye, for fear she should ask more questions about the ribbon.

Thursday came at last, and, to the joy of all, it was a lovely day. Maria was, perhaps, the only little girl in the village that did not feel happy and light-hearted at the anticipation of the pleasure of the day, but she could not, try as she would.

"There, I told you Maria Wills would contrive to have a new bonnet," said Annie Harris, as Maria came into the schoolroom. "I'm sure teacher must have thought of her looking in at the shop-windows and getting so fond of dress, when she was talking about going into temptation."

"But, Annie, I think teacher meant us to take care that we ourselves did not run in the way of temptation—not look after each other."

"Teacher meant it all for Maria," retorted Annie. "There is no fear of any of the rest of us; we are—"

But at this moment they had to leave their places to fall in rank before starting for their walk. Several remarked how dull Maria Wills seemed, and some thought she could not be well, and ought to have

put on a warmer shawl, instead of the thin, gauzy one she wore. Ah! if they had only known how miserable Maria felt—how much wretchedness her fine clothes had cost her, they would not have wondered at her looking dull and out of spirits.

Games of all kinds were played during the afternoon, but after tea all seemed disposed to wander about in twos and threes, rather than join in more active fun; and our three young friends found themselves thrown together again.

"Suppose we go and gather cowslips in that field near the shrubbery," suggested Esther; "we may go there, I know."

"Of course we may; we may go anywhere," said Annie, with an air of importance.

"No, not *anywhere*, for we must not go into the shrubbery or orchard," said Esther.

Annie had heard this command given—that no one should enter these two places, but she would rather have forgotten it just now, for she had made up her mind to have a peep at the orchard. She could do no harm, she reasoned, just looking in at the ripe, ruddy fruit that looked so beautiful hanging among the green leaves. So she walked on, leaving Maria and Esther picking cowslips, while she hurried towards the gate of the orchard. It stood a little way open, and no one being near, Annie pushed it a little further, and stepped inside to have a better view. How lovely everything looked! grapes and peaches growing against the wall, and apple, pear, and plum trees in every direction. Annie stood some minutes looking and wishing she might have some of the fruit that had fallen from the trees and lay in such rich profusion on the grass, but she was afraid to touch it, for fear it should be missed. Suddenly, however, a light breeze rustled the branches of the trees, and at the same moment a large pear fell at Annie's feet. The next minute it was in her pocket, and she was hurrying back to her companions in the field.

"How many have you got, Annie?" asked Esther, who had been so busy gathering flowers that she had not missed her companion.

Annie turned crimson. "What do you mean, Esther?" she said, angrily.

"How many cowslips have you got?"

"None; I haven't been after cowslips," and she turned away to hide her blushing face. Annie's pleasure was over from the time the pear went into her pocket.

The evening came to an end at last, and Annie felt very glad when the bell summoned them to prepare for their departure: for she had made up her mind to drop the hateful pear into the ditch as they went down the lane. But another mortification awaited her first. As they passed between two ladies, a book was given to each, which they were told to put into their pockets at once, as their hands would be required for something else. Annie could not do this, and when, as they passed out of the gates, a large slice of cake and an apple were thrust into her hands, she was forced to let the cake lie upon the delicate

covers of her book, which were instantly stained by it. As they went down the lane, she contrived to rid herself of the pear; but, though it no longer weighed down her pocket, she could not get rid of the heaviness at her heart.

A fresh cause of anxiety awaited Maria Wills. Her mother, who had occasion to call at the shop to which Maria had been sent, had been asked for the half-crown, and her first question when Maria came home, was to inquire who she had given the money to a few days before. Maria hesitated for a moment, almost determined to tell her mother the truth; but the next moment conscience was stifled again, and she answered, "The boy took it, mother; he was standing at the door." Maria had seen him standing there as she passed, and when this fact was mentioned to the grocer, he remembered it, and the boy still denying that he had received the money, was dismissed without a character.

A few weeks afterwards, as Annie and Maria were returning from school, they met a boy who appeared to be in great distress, and Maria recognised him as the grocer's boy. Her cheek tingled, but she could not pass without asking what was the matter, and then heard for the first time of his dismissal.

"But that isn't the worst," sobbed the boy; "father got me a place to work in the squire's garden; but this morning, when the gardener came for me, he saw a pear that I picked up in the lane last week, and he says he knows I stole it, for nobody aint got none of them winter pears but the squire."

"What sort of a pear is it?" asked Annie.

"A large one, as hard as a bullet. There was only two on the tree this year, the gardener says, and so I must have stole this one a week or two ago."

"And did you?" asked Maria.

"No; I no more stole that than I did the half-crown;" and he looked steadily at Maria.

She did not answer, but, with glowing cheeks, walked on to join her companion, who, to her surprise, she found crying bitterly.

"Oh, Maria," she sobbed, "do you remember teacher giving us a text to think of, 'Lead us not into temptation?' I wish I had thought of it the day of the treat, for I went to the orchard-gate, and when the wind blew that pear down, I picked it up and put it in my pocket."

But by this time Maria was sobbing too. "Annie, I have been worse than you," she said, and she told her schoolfellow the whole story of the half-crown. They then agreed to do what they could to clear the poor boy's character, and Maria went home at once and told her mother all that had occurred, while Annie went on her more difficult errand to the gardener.

It is needless to add that poor John was at once taken to work in the squire's garden, and that Annie and Esther, though greatly humbled, felt happier after they had confessed their sin than they had done for some time; and now whenever they pray, "Lead us not into temptation," they remember that they must likewise be careful not to place themselves in the way of temptation.

EMMA LESLIE.